

Mercy

by silvertab7

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Summary: Rogue looks for someone to give her mercy while remembering a certain mistake.

Mercy

> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: I do not own any of the X-men

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the X-men. They are all properties of Marvel. Don't sue me for using them because you get even more money if you sell the paper you plan on writing that law suit on.

This story switches from present time to memories a lot, but it is easy to distinguish one from the other.

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Mercy

"I can get you whatever you want. Coke, speed, crystal meth. Anything just name it. Whaddya want?" his deep voice asks.

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His gorgeous red on black eyes, once so full of love, now so full of hate and pain.

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"Whaddya want?"

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His soft, beautiful, smiling lips, now sneering in disgust.

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"Whaddya want?"

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The air that hit me as he passed was cold. As cold as the icy grave I had damned him to. As cold as our love had grown.

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"Anything. Whaddya want?"

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I tried to causally walk by him and not feel anything, but a small glimmer of hope and a large pang of guilt stopped me.

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"Crack, pot, LSD, anything. Whaddya want?"

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I tried to apologize as he walked by, but was cut short by his icy stare. A stare so icy that it would freeze hell over. An icy stare that broke my heart and caused it to shatter into a million pieces. An icy stare that told me everything I didn't want to know.

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"Guns, knives, anything. Whaddya want?"

"Mercy."

"Whaddya _want_?"

"A gun."

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I had grabbed his covered arm, but he just shrugged it off. Wait, please, stop I had called after him, but he kept climbing up the stairs. Up further from Hell, closer to Heaven, farther from me.

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There is no light in this dark, stinking hallway. I just had to trust that the man with the deep voice knows what he is doing. I can feel the rodents racing over my canvas sneakers. I can see the thousands of little red eyes watching me. I don't complain. This is too good for the likes of me. After what I had did, this punishment is Heaven. If this deep voiced man killed me suddenly, horribly, not even a million times could get mercy for my dying soul. My diseased, filthy, dying soul that had tormented his soul for so long.

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I couldn't let him go that easily. I had to know if he really wanted no part in my accursed life. I chased him up the stairs and grabbed his arm at the elbow. He had a look of pure disgust on his face when he realized that the hand belonged to me. Quickly he lifted my gloved hand and dropped it as if it was diseased. I tried to conceal my pain, but I know the more I tried, the more it showed.

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"Knock twice. Let him know whad ya want."

With a deep breath and a heavy heart I knock on the door hard.

"Come in," an angry deep voice yells.

I gather my courage and grasp the door handle. I try to turn it, but my hand is slick with sweat. I wipe my hand off and try again, this time I am awarded with a small click as the door opens. I walk into the dark, musty room and see a huge lump lying on a couch illuminated by the light of a small television that is surrounded by magazines. Slowly the lump gets off the couch.

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I told him I felt we needed to talk. I tried to lightly touch his cheek. Roughly he grabbed my hand before I could touch him and glared at me. He had told me we had nothing to talk about.

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He had a Smith & Wesson .38 Special in his hand.

"What do you want from me? I'll tell you what you want from me. You want me to kill you."

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He dropped my hand quickly as if it were on fire and turned. He turned his back. He turned his back on me. He turned his back on our relationship. I reached out to touch his shoulder, but it was too late. He was already walking away from me. Away from our relationship.

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"You want me to take away the pain that you are feeling. You want me to stop you from hurting."

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I clutched the shirt over my heart. Bitter tears rolled down my face like a river of sorrow. I could hear my heart cracking even more. I sank to my knees in the carpeted hallway, holding my arms tight around myself.

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"You want me to right the wrongs that have been shoved upon you and you have in turn shoved upon others. You want me to fix your problems."

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A voice of some person that I had absorbed long ago turned on. It told me that maybe he was just angry. We had fights worse than this before, he was just angry. He still loved me. I could'' accept that fact that he might not. I just had to make sure. I quickly stood up and ran down the stairs, wiping at my puffy, red eyes. I walked out of the house and was nearly blinded by sunshine. Sunshine always represented a new day. A new day. A new day for me and him, for us. I turned around and looked up on the roof. The smile on my face froze and then shattered.

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"You are sick of love screwing you over and you want me to stop it."

A tear brightly shines as it slowly makes a path down my cheek.

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She had sat down, but the wind that she commanded refused to stop making her long silver hair dance around her face. She smiled brightly as he took her hand. My boyfriend and my closest friend were holding hands. He lightly kissed her neck. A sour, prickling feeling built up in my stomach. He gently kissed her eyelids, first the right then the left. The blood was pounding in my ears. He rained kisses her forehead and cheeks. Small, delicate kisses. A scream built up in the back of my throat.

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"You want me to release you from the hold that the world has put on you. You want me to erase the marks hurt has put on you."

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He kissed her softly on the lips. I was paralyzed. Everything stopped working. I couldn't move, I could only watch them. Suddenly his eyes opened and he glared down at me. He had sensed me. The glare was so hate filled that it sent poisoned daggers straight through my heart, shattering it and the little glimmer of hope I had left.

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"If this is what you want, if you want me to kill you, say mercy."

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Slowly I backed away before turning and running. That icy glare followed me as I ran. A new day. A new day without me.

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I feel the cold barrel of the gun pressed against the back of my head.

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I ran until I could run no longer. Then I flew. When I could fly no longer I crawled. The icy glare followed me everywhere. A new day. A new day without me. I had crawled all the way to the bar that the deep voiced man owned. Nothing he gave my could stop me from seeing

that damn icy glare. A new day without me.

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"Mercy."

End
file.